THE

Man of Honour

OR THE

CHARACTER

OF A

True Country Man.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

THE

Man of Honour.

NOT all the Threats or Favours of a Crown,
A Prince's Whiſpers, or a Tyrant's Frown,
Can awe the Spirit, or allure the Mind,
Of him who to ſtrict Honour is inclin'd;
Tho all the Pomp and Pleaſure that does wait,
On publick Places, and Affairs of State,
Shou'd fondly court him to be Baſe and Great:
With even Paſſions, and with ſettled Face,
He wou'd remove the Harlot's falſe Embrace.

Tho

Tho all the Storms and Tempeſts ſhou'd ariſe,
That C——h *Magicians* in their *Cells* deviſe,
And from their ſettled *Baſis* Nations tear,
He wou'd unmov'd the mighty ruin Bear;
Secure in Innocence, Contemn 'em all
And decently array'd in Honour's Fall.

Honour, that ſpark of the Cœleſtial Fire,
That above Nature makes Mankind aſpire;
Ennobles the rude Paſſions of the Frame,
With thirſt of Glory, and deſire of Fame;
The richeſt Treaſure of a gen'rous Breaſt,
That gives the ſtamp and ſtandard to the reſt:
Wit, Strength and Courage, are wild dangerous Force
Unleſs this ſoftens, and directs their Courſe.

Of *Honour*, Men at firſt, like Women Nice,
Raiſe *Maiden-Scruples* in unpractic'd Nice
Their modeſt Nature curbs the ſtrugling *Flame*,
And ſtiffles what they wiſh to Act with *Shame*.

But once this fence thrown down, when they perceive
That they may taſt forbidden Fruit, and Live;
They ſtop not here their Courſe, but ſafely in,
Grow ſtrong, Luxuriant, and bold in Sin:
True to no Principles, preſs forward ſtill,
And only bound by Appetite their Will.
Now fawn, and flatter while this Tide prevails,
And ſhift with ev'ry vering Blaſt their Sails.
On higher Springs true Men of *Honour* move,
Free of their Service, and Unbought their Love.
When danger Calls, and *Honour* leads the Way,
With joy they follow, and with pride Obey.

Riſe *Caledonia*, ſhow thy radiant Head,
The Storm is paſt, th' impending Tempeſt fled.
Had Fate decreed thy Ruin, or Diſgrace,
It had not giv'n ſuch Sons ſo brave a Race.
When for Deſtruction, Heaven a Realm deſigns,
The Simptoms firſt appear in ſlaviſh Minds.
Such Men wou'd prop a ſinking Nations weight,
Stop falling Vengeance, and reverſe ev'n Fate:
Let other Nations boaſt their fruitful Soil,
Their Fragrant Spices, their rich Wine aud Oil.

In breathing Colours, and in living Paint,
Let them Excel, their Mastery we grant
But to instruct the Mind to Arm the Soul,
With Virtue, which no dangers can Controul:
Exalt the Thought, a speedy Courage lend,
That Horror cannot shake, or Pleasure bend.
These are the *Scottish* Arts, these we profess,
To be the same in Mis'ry and Success.
To teach Oppressors Law assist the Good,
Relieve the Wretched, and Subdue the Proud:
Such are our Souls, but what does worth avail,
When Lewd repining L---s would hold the Scale.
All Merits light, when they dispose the weight,
Who either would Embroil, or Rule the State.
Defame those Heroe's, who their Yoke refuse,
And blast that Honesty they cannot use.

Men, like our Money, come the most in Play,
For being Base, and of a course Allay.
The Richest Medals, and the Purest Gold,
Of Native Value, and exactest Mould.
By worth conceal'd in privat Closets shine,
For Vulgar Eye, too precious, and to Fine.

Whilst

Whilſt Tin and Copper, with new ſtamping bright
Coin of baſe Metal, Counterfit and Light,
Do all the Buſineſs of the Nation turn,
Rais'd in Contempt, us'd and employ'd in ſcorn.
So ſhining Vertues are for Courts too bright,
Whoſe guilty Actions fly the ſearching Light.
Rich in themſelves, diſdaining to aſpire,
Great without Pomp they willingly retire:
Give place to Fools, whoſe raſh mis-judging Senſe,
Increaſes the weak Meaſures of their Prince.
They blindly and implicitly run on,
Nor ſee thoſe Dangers which the other ſhun.
VVho ſlow to Act, each Buſſineſs duely weigh,
Advice with Freedom, and with Care obey;
VVith wiſdom fatal to their Intereſt ſtrive,
To make their Monarch *lov'd*, their Nation thrive.

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